



WATER COLOR SOCIETY SHOW:

Women are usually conspicuous exhibitors at the Water Color Exhibition. If they are less so this year, the omission is made up by unusual importance in several instances of their contributions to the exhibition which opens Monday at the Academy of Design.

Rodina Emmet Sherwood has not been so finely seen in several years. Sarah Sears exhibits a portrait of a lady which in distinction rivals any work in the exhibition.

Most of the work by the women is confined to still life and flowers, and unobtrusively decorates the corridor. Here, by the way, is to be found a large, bold and rich floral composition signed by a new name—Maria Van Rosenboom.

Among the most noteworthy exhibitors are:

Miss Clara McChesney in "The Gleaner," an old woman, Dutch, bearing sheaves of wheat. Annie Barrows Shopley, who passed the last Summer in Sweden, with attractive studies of Swedish character. Claude Roquet Hirst in "Still Life," both of which include some fine realizations of old books and quaint black lettering. Marion Oakes Woodbury in "The Quaker," prominently hung in the south room and reproduced above. Edella Bridges, contributing "A Broad Beach" and "The Latest Blossoms." Maud Humphrey in "Gossip" and "Vanity." Clara N. Parish, with two impressionistic nuptials, one "A Mandolin Player," the other "A Day Dream."

The Woman's Page

Women Exhibitors at the

Water Colors by Well Known Artists.



Pleasures of Pawing:

An art student writes from Paris: "It is a perfect luxury to paw things here, and the interest is so

small it is a pleasure to pay it. The Mont de Piete is so dignified with its bureau and offices that one feels just as decent and orderly as going to the Post Office."

Ambassador Runyon's Daughter:

"Mollie Runyon,"

as she was called, is more recently known as Mrs. Henry G. Haskins. Her stay in Berlin, where her father was Ambassador until his

death, a few days ago, was brief, but it was long enough for her to be known as one of the most beautiful women at the German Court. She was with her father when he died. Her beauty is of the soft, melting Irish type, the darkest of hair, large violet blue eyes and perfect complexion. She is also known as Clement R. Marley, a clever arrangement of her own name, Mary Clementine Runyon, signed to two novels, "A Social Meteor" and "Richard Forest, Bachelor." The last book was published several months ago, and the identification of its characters has been a favorite Newark pastime. A Newark physician is popularly supposed to be the hero, and a naval widow one of the principals. The late Ambassador has a younger daughter, Helen, who approaches her sister in beauty.

Napoleon the Father:

The Emperor passionately loved his son; he would take him in his arms every time he saw him, lift him forcibly from the ground, put him down, take him up again, and amuse himself greatly with his joy. He would tease him, carry him in front of a mirror, and often make a thousand grimaces, at which the child would laugh till he cried. When he was breakfasting he would take him on his knee, dip a finger in the sauce, make him suck it, and dab his face with it. The governor would scold, the Emperor laugh more heartily, and the child, who enjoyed the game, demand in order that his father should repeat it. Memories of Constant, First Valer de Chambré.

HER HUSBAND A LAWYER.

Yet Mrs. Smith Won the Case When He Had Her Arrested for Alleged Robbery.

Said She Went Through His Pockets and Took \$30 Belonging to Client Van Winkle.

GOT MIXED UP OVER HIS ADDRESS.

The Young Woman Left Her Aged Husband on January 6, and Said He Made the Charge Because She Refused to Return.

According to Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of No. 444 Third Avenue, her aged husband Joseph R. is a "bird," but the lady did not designate the species. He had her arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday on the charge of stealing \$30 from his pocket on the morning of December 30 last. After hearing the evidence Magistrate Deuel discharged the prisoner, who swept laughingly from the court room with her mother.

There seemed to be a doubt in the mind of His Honor as to whether or not Smith ever had \$30 in one lump. The complainant is a lawyer, and conducted his side of the case of Smith vs. Smith, and made a mess of it. After being duly sworn and kissing the Bible, Mr. Smith said he was fifty-four years old and lived at No. 88 Barrow street. On the morning in question he swore to having seen Mrs. Smith, who claims to be twenty-six years old, abstract \$30 from his pockets. Then Mrs. Smith decamped and went to live with her mother.

"The money was not mine," Mr. Smith murmured sadly, "as I had her arrested."

"Who did the money belong to?" demanded Lawyer Lowenstein, who defended Mrs. Smith.

"A client of mine,"

"What's his name?"

"This was a poser, which caused Mr. Smith to think, profoundly for several minutes. Then he answered: 'Van Winkle.'"

"Not Rip?" Lawyer Lowenstein blazed with fine sarcasm.

"No, John S. Van Winkle."

"Where does he live?"

"At No. 25 West Ninth street."

Lawyer Lowenstein, grinning sardonically, Mrs. Smith turned a glimmer of withering

contempt on her husband, who floundered through a long story about an estate worth \$1,000 which he was hunting for some body. The \$30 was a collection he had made.

Counselor Smith further alleged that on January 6 Mrs. Smith deserted him and also stole a lot of clothes belonging to her by his first wife. Then the accused had an inquiring.

"I never heard of the \$30 until the night of my arrest," she said. "I left this man because he bit me."

"I object," yelled Mr. Smith.

"Behave yourself, sir, and act like an attorney, or I'll claim the case right now," warned the Magistrate.

"Christmas week," went on Mrs. Smith, "he gave me \$10. Sometimes I only had 25 cents a week to run the house. Or that \$10 I paid \$6.75 for a coat for his little girl. I know he had a hundred dollars next week, and I begged him for God's sake to break it and give me some. I got 30 cents."

"How much have I given you since our marriage on October 19?" he asked.

By close questioning the Court learned that in three months Smith had given his wife \$30.00, of which \$25.00 had been expended on the child. It further developed that after trying in vain to induce his wife to return to him, Counselor Smith accused her of robbery. She left him on January 6 with \$1 in her pocket. Four days later Mrs. Smith received a letter from "J. R. Thomas," stating that she had been something by her advantage by being on the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirtieth Street at 5 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Smith's mother kept the try and found Mr. Smith on the corner.

HIS BILL GOOD AFTER ALL.

But on the Belief That It Was Counterfeit Two Arrests Were Made.

Lawrence Daly left Delaware County to visit friends in this city. He brought with him deposit certificates for \$170 and some bills. One of the latter, a \$5 note, he tried to spend in Joseph Butt's coffee saloon, at No. 282 Canal street, but it was too big, and an accommodating tailor named Abraham Glyder, of No. 62 Allen street, offered to get it changed.

Glyder was arrested because Saloonkeeper Edward Hirsch thought the bill was a counterfeit. His explanation only led to the additional arrest of Daly. Both were arraigned in Essex Market Court yesterday, and, as the bill was found to be a good one, the prisoners were released.

Young Skater Drowned.

Roy Loring, eight years old, son of Robert Loring, of Hightstown, N. Y., was drowned while skating on a pond near his home last night. Mrs. Peep, who lives near No. 282 Canal street, but it was too big, and an accommodating tailor named Abraham Glyder, of No. 62 Allen street, offered to get it changed.

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Early Morning Fire in Yonkers.

Fire in Yonkers early yesterday morning destroyed the plant of the Dean Plaster Company and the houses of Joseph Augustina and Mrs. Mary Daly. The total loss is \$35,000.

DOESN'T KNOW HIS CRIME

Banker Ward Says He Was Suspended from the Consolidated Exchange to Keep Him as a Member.

T. Edwin Ward, of the firm of T. E. Ward & Co., bankers and brokers, No. 31 Broadway, was suspended yesterday from membership in the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange for one year, to take effect at once.

The only information with regard to the suspension that was given out was in the following resolution, which had been adopted at a meeting of the directors on Thursday:

"Resolved, That T. E. Ward, having been summoned before the board of directors, and having been heard in his own behalf, and upon his own admissions is hereby adjudged guilty of acts detrimental to the welfare and interest of the Exchange, and that the said T. E. Ward be and is hereby suspended from the Exchange for a period of one year."

Mr. Ward has been a member of the Consolidated since November 10, 1894. He is a young man, and has done an extensive business, among his customers being women who operate in the market. For their convenience there was a ladies' department in his offices. Mr. Ward said he did not know why he had been suspended.

"I have been intending," he said, "to leave the Consolidated and join the Stock Exchange. A short time ago I sent in my resignation to the Consolidated, and was told that no objections would be made to my withdrawal. The whole thing has been trumped up to keep me in the Exchange."

STOPPED FREE CIGARETTES.

When Asheim Did So the Newsboys Nearly Mobbed Him.

William Asheim, who lives at No. 102 Lexington Avenue, has found that it does not pay to give away cigarettes. They were not his, and he drew a salary from a local cigarette firm for doing so, but when he met a crowd of Park Row newsboys his job lost all its attractions.

The trouble was due to Asheim's refusal to continue his distribution of the cigarettes. He was rescued by the police yesterday morning. Asheim was arrested in the Central Street Police Court yesterday morning. Magistrate Bramm let him off with a \$5 fine.

Preferred to Die Unknown.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 31.—A well-dressed man, about thirty-five years of age, shot himself in the head at the Driving Park last night, and died at the Finch Hospital early this morning. There is no clue to his identity, he having evidently destroyed everything that might disclose it. He wore an "Old Fellow's" pin, a marksman's badge given by the State in 1888 and a silver watch. No one at the Driving Park remembers having seen him before. The body was removed to the Morgue this forenoon.

FOOLED BY A GHOSTLY TIP.

A Fortune Teller's Advice That Led the Rosenthal Family into a Sea of Troubles.

An Innocent Domestic Accused of Theft on a Clairvoyant's Suggestion.

A STORY OF MISPLACED JEWELS.

The Owner Had Hidden Them Himself, and Now Only a Certified Check Stands Between Husband and Samuel and Prison.

"I see a woman standing beside you. She has dark hair and dark eyes. She is of medium height. Ah, yes, I see her clutching something with her hands. Those are jewels she clutches. I see it all. The spirits tell me the dark-eyed woman is the one who stole your diamonds."

These were the words that the fortune-teller spoke to Mrs. Samuel Rosenthal, of No. 124 East Eighty-sixth street. The clairvoyant was in a trance; her face was covered with white powder, and she looked glantly enough in the darkened room. Mrs. Rosenthal was greatly impressed.

"Can't you get her name?" Mrs. Rosenthal asked the fortune-teller.

"No," said the woman of mystery, after a long pause. "No; the spirits are not willing to give names. They positively refuse."

RECOGNIZED THE SPIRIT PICTURE.

"Well, I know who it is," remarked Mrs. Rosenthal. "The only girl with dark eyes and hair who could have stolen my jewelry is the servant girl at my house. Ask the spirits if the name of the girl is Dora Steinberg."

Another long wait, and the fortune-teller from the depths of her trance said: "I got no answer."

It was this experience with a mistress of the black art that caused Mrs. Rosenthal to accuse her domestic of theft, an act that resulted in the arrest of Samuel Rosenthal yesterday on a charge of assault.

Rosenthal is a clock merchant, and threatened incarceration in Ludlow Street Jail yesterday on a charge of assault.

Mrs. Rosenthal lost her jewelry a week or more ago. There were a diamond pin, a diamond ring, a gold watch and chain, and other articles of value. It had been the custom of the housewife to place the jewels in a chamber bag, which she

concealed in the pillow on which her head rested at night. Mrs. Rosenthal thought the servant girl, Dora, was the only person besides herself who knew where the watch and other things were concealed.

MISPLACED BY THE OWNER.

While Mrs. Rosenthal was out interviewing her oracle, Dora, searching for the jewels, found them in another pillow. She sent word to her mistress at once, stating that the valuables were found. Mrs. Rosenthal returned and at once, on the authority of the fortune-teller, accused the domestic. The Steinbergs girl protested her innocence, but Mrs. Rosenthal would not listen. Rosenthal came home and joined his wife in the charges. Finally he threw the girl out of the house.

Dora returned to the house with her brother-in-law, Morris Horn, her sister, Lavette Elms Rosenthal, and a policeman. The discharged domestic demanded her clothes and her wages. Rosenthal, who had employed the girl, flew into a rage and was about to strike her with a chair when the policeman and Horn stopped him. The officer placed Rosenthal under arrest.

Mrs. Rosenthal has now recollected that she herself in a moment of absent-mindedness misplaced the jewels. The woman in the trance was wrong and so were the spirits.

Rosenthal and his wife are so angry about the matter that they declare in case the trial goes against them redress will be sought in a suit against the fortune-teller.

VICTIMS OF THE EXPLOSION.

Two More Men Injured in the Hollidaysburg Disaster Dead.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., Jan. 31.—Robert McMurray and Samuel Marks, victims of the Hollidaysburg Iron and Nail Works boiler explosion yesterday, died this morning. It is not yet definitely known whether there are any more dead bodies buried in the ruins.

Superintendent B. F. Cramer, Robert Marks, John Woodard and Samuel Keohart are lying very low, and their death may be expected. Coroner James Pount's jury will meet this evening to hear the testimony establishing the responsibility for the awful accident.

Drug Stores and Bakeries for Socialists.

The Socialists of this city propose to meet and break as a means of spreading propaganda. Those belonging to the Workingmen's Sick and Death Benevolent Fund held a meeting yesterday and discussed a plan to establish a Socialist drug store, where absolutely pure quinine can be dispensed. They think that which people see how Socialists can be trusted to supply unadulterated drugs that Socialism will be started on a new basis.

The United Hebrew Trades, another Socialist organization, proposes to establish a number of bakeries, to show that under a Socialist system absolutely pure bread can be guaranteed. Meetings are to be held early next week to discuss these plans.

Municipal and State reputations are built on the cooking of terrapin. Philadelphia stands by her white sauce, Maryland by her brown sauce. The new manner furnished by the chef of the Hotel Plaza dispenses with both and substitutes the simplicity of chicken broth.

Dish of the season at Hotel Plaza.

For one quart: Place four ounces of fresh butter in a saucepan; add one cup of chicken broth. Let Jules it boil for ten minutes with the terrapin. Add Bohlinger, salt, cayenne, white pepper and a little nutmeg, and finish with four ounces of very good butter. If desired, add one glass of good sherry.

Music at a "Cut Rate":

To the Editor of the Journal.

New York City has within its long, narrow and sky-scaping limits a good many thousands of cultivated men and women, particularly of the latter, who love good music, pictures and plays. Some good music they can now get at reasonable prices. We have grand museums and galleries which are an education and a feast to the lovers of beauty in art.

"But, besides all these, we want," cry the strugglers in all the busy callings which train the brain and heart to love the things of highest value, but are not amply remunerative to supply the wants they create, "but we, too, want to hear Melba and Calve, the De Reszkes and grand opera. We, we also, as well as you others, want to see Irving and Terry, Bernhardt and Duse. We, too, want to hear Paderewski's wonderful tones and watch his matchless fingering. But how can we ever hope to do so? The lowest prices for any of them are far beyond any which we can pay. Pray do something for us."

In other lands provision is made for such needs as these by the government. Ours is not so paternal, and perhaps it is better so, but can no other way be devised?

The first difficulty brought to mind is that advantage might be taken of such an offer by persons who can afford to pay the regular prices. This is possible since this statement is made on highest authority; there are rich people who will deem themselves as shabby and leave their carriages around the corner while they wait among the poorest in dispensaries for a chance to steal the advice of some famous practitioner who is giving his services freely for the benefit of those who are unable to pay him.

But this sort of thing could be easily guarded against in the case we are considering, by a system of registration. Books could be kept at certain places where applicants for such privileges could be registered and supplied with cards which they must show before being allowed to purchase tickets for these benefit performances.

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

Bargain Days:

These are bargain days. The elaborate stuffs and airy confections that on December 31 still called themselves "novelties," or perhaps "nouveau," on January 31 lie in tumbled heaps on the counters as bargains. There is something pathetic in their abasement, this downfall, swift as that of a South American Republic or a French Ministry. The love of cheapness is the infirmity of women's minds. The shops now are filled with women having a free fling among the remnants of rich stuffs and glittering trimmings that lie in the bargain troughs, and exulting in the sight of the costume that once held high court upstairs, now exposed in the window with the ticket mark "Reduced" pinned to its tail.

The wise merchant, on his part, knows that the marvellous concoctions of chiffon and lace, the airy chemises, the bibs and berthes, must make the most of their brief reign. These "rosinols," as they are called in the French slang, these nightgowns are strung along like berries on a telegraph wire. The shops that deal in the most exclusive designs show their commercial wisdom by marking down at least a half of the designs that two months ago could only be bought by persons whose purses are deep. A woman who knows how to take advantage of the situation can dress fashionably for half the money that women eager to be first in the race must spend.

Electric Curls:

Electric curling tongs have at last been devised. When persons were congratulating themselves on the introduction of electric light in hotel bedrooms and steamship cabins nobody thought of curling tongs. The original curling tong was constructed for gas. The first thing a woman did on arriving at a hotel was to light the gas. There have been lights which cut off the gas by day. These quickly became known and avoided. Seaside hotels have gone into bankruptcy without knowing why. The silver-smiths accordingly made alcoholic lamps for curling tongs. These are pretty things. Any woman would like one as a present. But on ship-board burning spirits is not permitted, and curling one's bangs is as exciting a pastime as smuggling. The electrical device is a hollow tube filled with asbestos paper. A wire attached to a battery which can be placed in the place usually occupied by an electric light bulb. Turn on the current and curl your hair.

Not long after Rello went to the saloon to buy more. He was told that the man who had sold the stuff had been arrested, and that if he wanted any more he must go to No. 11 Roosevelt street. It was at the latter address, officials say, that the new anti-trust law was enacted.

The evidence of the Government detectives was that one John Rello had formed Agent George R. Baggis that Langano was selling the counterfeiters. On Thursday Rello sold the defendant and paid him \$21.75 for ten \$5 bills. Within a few minutes, who was waiting, nabbed Langano.

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The Woman Landlord:

Women make very good landlords, but beware of the woman who owns a house. She regards it as the apple of her eye. She lives near to keep it under surveillance. Whether she goes out on an errand or takes her constitutional her steps lead by her house. At a glance she can tell the condition of the shutters, the front door and the area. Her accustomed eye knows every scratch, and she is prepared to redact to the utmost any proposition to renew the shutters or to paint the front door.

She regards her tenant as her natural enemy, and cannot understand why she may not enter her own property whenever she has a mind.

But she is cheerfully prompt on rent day; too prompt, for she does not take delay with grace. When a woman has a second house, say the agent, her character is ameliorated. As her knowledge of affairs broadens she does not differ materially from other landlords.

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